THE VIGIL

A POEM

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Miss Gordon
with regards of
I. M. B. Dwight
(New Haven
Conn
U. S. A.)

IN MEMORIAM

OF

THE REV. WILLIAM POMEROY OGLE,

CURATE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS-THE-MARTYR,

BRENTWOOD, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

WHO, IN HIS SLEEP, ON THE MORNING OF LAMMAS-DAY,

AUGUST IST, 1884,

Passed into the sleep of death
From darkness into eternal light.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

THE VIGIL

A Poem

IN MEMORIAM

OF

The Rev. William Pomeroy Ogle

BY

JAMES M. B. DWIGHT

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TO

PELHAM RHODES OGLE,

PONSONBY DUGMORE OGLE

AND

ST. JOHN CHALONER OGLE,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY

OF THE BROTHER

WHOM THEY DEEPLY LOVED.

PREFACE.

THE tidings of the sudden death, on August 1st, 1884, of the Rev. William Pomeroy Ogle, the nephew of my wife, who tenderly loved him, made a very deep impression upon her mind and heart, and upon my own feelings. The voices of this sorrow are found in these pages.

The impressive funeral ceremonies at Brentwood, here transcribed, are a remarkable testimony of the love and respect in which he was held there. These services, with the solemn and silent journey through the darkness of the night upon the railway; in which his lifeless form was accompanied by the faithful and watchful attendance of his elder brother in the carriage for the dead; the moonlight march along the river Teign to the church at Bishop's-Teignton (two miles); the midnight service in the church which followed; the silent and lonely watch of his brother through the hours until the morning, beside the beloved and stricken form; the night's overshadowing darkness gathering around the lighted altar and the patient watcher; these were the vivid and weird suggestions for the Poem. And it has grown around them.

It has also been my purpose to illustrate the Divine

allegory of our holy religion and to glorify our blessed Saviour in the mystic sanctity of the Altar and the Cross.

Those who are familiar with the church at Bishop's-Teignton, will observe that it has been transfigured and aggrandized in my vision into the likeness and dimensions of a great Cathedral, with vast spaces and lantern tower, like Ely, or Burgos in Spain. The latter was especially in my mind while writing.

Part IV., "The Midnight and the Morning," was the nucleus of the poem, and was written first; the other portions at subsequent times.

I have in several instances ventured to incorporate a line from a familiar hymn or well-known poet, but always with a diversion of meaning and some change of words.

For note as to the Versification, see page xi.

The following letter is subjoined by request.

"*August* 18*th*, 1884.

"DEAR P——: We were much distressed by your letter, conveying the sad intelligence of your brother William's sudden death. * * * William had a tender and beautiful spirit; a character of the greatest delicacy; to which religion was a native air and the solemnity and dignity of holy worship a daily preparation for heaven, and foretaste of the life of the blessed.

Such gentle and tender spirits our Lord has in his special keeping, as the lambs of his flock. He tempers the wind to their weakness; He leads them lovingly in the green pastures; He makes them to lie down beside still waters, and feeds them among the lilies; and when their feet falter upon the dark mountains, He takes them in

His bosom and carries them safely through the wilderness and over the dark river to the land of celestial light and peace.

"How often they die young. How often the tender affection of the Lord remembers their earthly weakness and their holy devotion, their fainting steps and their heavenly aspirations; and in some hour unthought of, by some path untried; by some subtile gift of death and life, removes them from our sight. And the beautiful spirit is on its far off viewless way before we waken. Afterwards, when our sorrow is softened and the new thought of his translation has grown familiar to us, we begin to think how appropriate, how loving, how wise and wonderful has been the manner of his death. I believe our dear William had a good deal of the fear of death, and his joyous spirit shrank, often timidly, from the agonies of dissolution. The Lord did not forget this and took him gently away out of the silence of night and of sleep, to waken only in the everlasting light when the bitterness of death was passed and its pains were left far behind. Nor let us fear that the Lord forgot to give him the precious Viaticum of his love as he was borne away.

There is much in William's life and in the manner of his death which reminds me of a beautiful Sunday which I spent in the south of Europe. It was at the city of Thomar in Portugal. Two miles outside the city was a Pilgrimage church on the top of a high conical hill, and called, as is their custom, a Calvary: where, as I ascended, the sweet fields and fair city, the Church towers and ancient castles, lay spread out before me;

and upward, the stations of the Cross allure one on along the Redeemer's path to his last great sorrow. So lay the world below to William's sensitive and art-loving spirit. So the Stations of the Cross and his Saviour's suffering drew him along the ascending path toward the sacred shrine. Around me that day went up in the soft sunshine the people of the country; some in gala dresses, young men and maidens; others measuring on their knees the sacred distance. So William's heart was not without its gay bright hours in the soft sunshine, even on his heavenly pilgrimage: but still his spirit went resolutely upward, ever stopping and praying at the holy stations, ever planting his steps in the footprints of the Lord.

In the brightness of his youth, and overcoming his mortal weakness, He has outwalked us all, and at last has reached the Pilgrim Chapel and the high altar. In holy trance he has fallen asleep before the altar; and the Lord has appeared to him there, saying: "I come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." When we too reach the Chapel and its shrine, we find that he has left his garment there beside the altar and is gone. We knew that he has not descended; for we met him not. And then the thought comes to us that he has gone *upward* and will return no more. And while we wait and watch the sunset from the holy Calvary, we know that he is already hidden in its pearly bosom, and that the wings of his swift elastic spirit are already far beyond its declining shadows.

NOTE

ON THE VERSIFICATION.

The portions of the Poem in blank verse, Parts II., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX.; also portions in rhyme, Parts IV., and VIII., are in the Iambic Trimeter of six Iambic feet. Part I., in blank verse, and Part X., in rhyme, have seven Iambic feet. And in those above mentioned, an occasional line of seven feet is allowed rather than sacrifice or curtail the thought.

The Iambic Trimeter allows an anapest to be substituted for an Iambus in every place but the last. A Dactyl may also be admitted in the 2nd and 4th place. Occasional use has been made of this liberty for the sake of diversity and force.

On account of the length of the lines (12 to 14 syllables), an effort has been sometimes made to give variety and vigor by having recourse to the methods of the ancient Anglo-Saxon poetry, by alliteration, by assonance and by double rhymes in the middle of the line, also by introducing the principle of the refrain and by repetition of the thought, as also by paronomasia. For the same reason, rhyme has been sometimes intermingled with blank verse.

The metre of Part III., "The Land of Avalon," is allowed much variety, but with definite limitations.

It is sometimes sought to represent the sense by the sound of the verse, as in the last eight lines of Part II.: where the aim is to represent the varied movement of the railway train,—its starting, its steady roll, its hurried swiftness, its slowing and its stoppage. Part IV., is a second example; and there are frequent other instances of a similar kind.

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THE PROEM.

IN PACE.

THE PROEM.

IN PACE.

INTO the mother's shadowed heart [1]
He came a tender star ;
Into the father's serious thought
A hallowed beam from far ;

Into the brothers' earnest plays
He came, a merry war ;
Into the household's reverent ways,
Of mirth a golden car.

With brow of high and lofty hope,
With eye of tender glow,
With cheek whose velvet crimson slope
Flowed o'er its Alpine snow ;

With heart that sang with childhood's joy,
With lips that laughed with love,
With gentle soul as bright as coy,
Love with his life he wove.

A soft and silver radiance spread
Where that sweet star did shine ;
And purple-clustered reverence fed
That spirit's golden wine.

His boyhood's carol, bright and free,
Charmed every listening heart.
The ripple of his smiling glee
Of Nature's smile was part.

His eyes enchanted with the day,
With youth his sportive toy,
With temper beautiful and gay;
Young, ardent, soulful boy!

But soon the youthful folded years
Opened their lilied bloom :
And April thoughts, oft fraught with tears,
Came from life's gilded loom.

Delicate grace and fairy joy
Shed beauty o'er thy way,
And won men's eyes and hearts ; fair boy,
This was thy Spring-time's May.

But now religion's gentle voice
Spoke to his fervid June,
And bade that nature rare rejoice
In Jesu's sweet attune.

The form erect with hallowed thought,
The eye with love's soft glow,

The cheek where tears with smiles had fought,
The lips whence prayer did flow;

The heart with radiant meekness now,
Devotion's rhapsody;
Unveiled the crowned and sainted brow,
The white soul's sanctity.

Transfigured by the Church's call,
He walked the shining way;
Content to gain the blissful all
Within the eternal day.

The ministering angel's path he trod,
O'er the mount beautiful.
With golden light his feet were shod,
With love all bountiful.

The poor did bless his liberal hand,
The sad his waiting feet:
The sick, the infirm, beheld him stand
By mortal pain's dark seat.

The Church's holy service filled
His rapt uplifted soul;
While hymns of praise with rapture stilled,
And centuried anthems roll.

The Eucharistic glory came
To his kneeling ecstasy,
And fed, as with an Altar's flame,
His lofty litany.

Silent he bore his secret cross,
His heart's faint agony ;
Folding within that earthly loss
Prayer's importunity.

So came the winged angel fair
Of death to his soul's light ;
Not in the gathering, brooding dark,
Not in the waning night.

Borne on the wings of summer's dawn,
He found the eternal day :
That tender star, with sister stars,[2]
In glory passed away.

Not death, but life, thou gentle soul,
Doth lift thy wings away ;
While Angels thy new name enroll
Within the gates of day.

NOTES.

[1] "Into the mother's shadowed heart."
Shadowed by the premonitions of her own last fatal illness.
[2] "That tender star, with sister stars."
See Part V.—4. The Angels of Adoration. 5. Gloria.

THE
VIGIL,
A
POEM.

THE VIGIL.

I.

I.

THE SEA-BIRD'S FLIGHT.

I.

THE SEA-BIRD'S FLIGHT.

IT was a summer's sultry night, in the season that has gone ;
And in the restless visions of my head upon my bed,
My winged spirit wandered from its mortal resting place,
Into the world of darkness; over the wild waves' roaring
And the trackless miles of night ; over the river Oceanus,
Whereon Ulysses sailed to the pale land of ghostly dead;
Over the meadows[1] where the oxen of the Hyperion Sun,
Do ever patient feed, beside the mystic river's dream ;
And all the spheric paths of day and night are equalized,
Still rolling on with confluent, faithful streams, for evermore.
Over the outspread night my speeding spirit swiftly fled,

To the sea-girded island, whence our fathers manful came,
Over the long and solemn waves, but which to us their sons
Is lost as a mirage in the pale shadows of the dawn.
Over the infinite distance my spirit fleeting flew,
As a desolate sea-bird, and wandered on the lonely shore.

NOTE.

[1] "Over the meadows," *et seq.*
See Odyssey, XII, and X, 86.

THE VIGIL.

II.

II.

BRENTWOOD.

II.

BRENTWOOD.

ALL lonely on the sounding shore there wandered far
The sea-bird's melancholy voice: so resonant
That shrill and ululating call, the breakers' roar
Would hope to drown, in vain; the haunted night's appall
Would fright it fruitlessly; the shipwreck's saddened ghost,
Recumbent on its quicksand grave, would vainly scare
That waiting, wandering, boding, solitary cry.
It waited and it wandered in the darkness drear;
It wandered and it waited in the silence dread.
It fervent flew from air to earth, from earth to air,
From air to restless sea, and wandering waited still
The coming voice, the awe-some summons of the dead.

The Church. Then came to its ear attent a faint sad call, a cry,
That drew its listening, quivering, quickening wings away

To Brentwood's hallowed fane,[1] beside the Eastern Sea,
Where the beloved dead was sleeping: Brentwood fair,
Whose lofty Nave ascended high into the heavens ;
Whose beauteous Altar pitying fed, with living bread,
The loving, waiting, thronging disciples of the Lord ;
Whose hallowed Choir held prisoned fast the serried stalls,
Whereon were hung the honored vestments,[2] symbols true
Of Priestly knighthood ; of Christ's soldier's armor, as he moves
To holy war, and herald, in his Master's name,
Demands submission to the Cross he lowly bears.

The Home. Near to the sacred fane abode the early dead:
In the Rose Valley slept Crosse Lawrence,[3] whence had fled
The awe-struck soul, from earthly home to heavenly rest,
From duty's loving gladness, to the pure and blest.
In that sad dwelling, is a hushed and darkened room,
The pallid form in silence lies, heeds not the steely gloom.
There passionate life its beautiful brief hour had filled;
There the passionless Angel, Death, the silent form had stilled.
Did the stars come out to watch the young life as it ebbed away?
Did the moon sad vigil keep till the dawning of the day?

Did the morn that was breaking o'er the still and sleeping world,
To that shadowed room, bring the Angel of Light on its wings unfurled?
That lifted the fainted heart which death could no more appall,
That opened the portals of heaven to that young spirit's call.

Domine, refugium. Slow moved the saddened day, the slow declining eve;
When they that loved had come his memory to weave
With sacred sorrow, blessed tears, the Church's voice
In funeral service for the dead, the sainted joys
Of faith and love, the requiem, the hallowed peace,
The mourner's lengthened line, the aching grief's increase;
Came to the home deserted, solitary, cold;
To bear the spirit's earthly form to blessed fold:
The holy Church, that held in life his life's long love;
In death, the dear communion with the saints above.

The Procession. Hither from sad Crosse Lawrence in the Rose Valley,
Slow trod the sacred train through the long avenue
Of mourning hundreds, weeping all that they should see
That bright smile nevermore. At the wan eventide
The long procession moves. In front the victor Cross
Its bearer lifts on high: Angel of grief Divine

It leads to Love's abode. Beneath that bannered Cross
They bring the youthful dead, as on Patroclus' bier [4]
The Argive hero slept and conquered conquering death
In glory's hour. So comes the early dead,—in whose
Young saintly soul St. Lawrence' spirit waked again,—
Within the holy aisle where waits the elegy
Of love, the triumph song, Servant of God, well done!
In front the brave Cross-bearer lifts his holy Cross on high;
And next the white-robed choir its monody of love recites
And mingles sacred joy in sorrow's sable folds.
The Church's clergy then with grief-bowed faces flowed
In reverend robes along. The Vicar,[5] father-friend,
And elder brother of the soul, mourns the departed,
And his bended head tells his heart's heaviness.
The holy vestments [2] next, he wore in duty's call,
Are borne before that silent rest, that prostrate form.
Now slowly comes the dead; The bearers' octave guards
That treasured grief, that hushed repose; brings tears to grace
Those gentle obsequies. The coffin's purple pall,
Lilied with fragrant flowers, leads the ecstatic thought
Of sacred grief beyond the purple-tinted skies
Of evening's softened hour, to the bright dawn of heaven.
Then, wearily, the brother dear moved slowly on;
And, patient, crowned with sorrow's pearly diadem,
Pressed onward toward the Church's tender knell.
The broken Guild of the Ascension followed then,

Their loved Superior,[6] and his silence-anchored hour;
And they in whispers sang, "The dead shall rise again,
The loved and lost ascend into the shining heavens."
And last came, sorrowing all, who loved the faithful dead,
The gentle dead, who, as a Palmer Pilgrim goes
To his long home, Jerusalem the golden,
The City of the Blest, Jerusalem
The golden, where dwell the holiest.

The Via Dolorosa.

As the Crusaders' lofty host, with banners high
And hallowed hymns and trumpets' victor voice, doth mount
The Via Dolorosa, and unwind its proud
Array of knightly soldiers, princes, saints of God,
Along the ascending way to the Holy Sepulchre ;—
While the soft moon of Palestine looks down on Calvary—
Blessing the still bright evening hour with stately pomp
Of funeral honor, to some knight, whose victor name
Valor hath writ in heaven, death has baptized in peace :
So in the twilight silence moves the sad array
Along the lifted road, the hill of sorrow mounts,
That dauntless leads to Calvary's hour of peaceful rest ;
Their faithful hymn winds on the evening's gentle air
And mounts the glory of the sky, and blissful sings
At heaven's own gate, where enter in the golden host
Of Angels singing ever praise antiphonal.

The Requiem. So from Crosse Lawrence in the Rose Valley there came
The sacred train unto the holy Chancel, where
The dead was gently laid before the blessed Altar,
Fronting the vacant stall and vestments[2] which once held
His mortal form. But now, ~~as~~ garments of praise and robes
Of glory, waited the morning; as the white robes
Of glory, waited in joy the eternal morning's calm ;
Waited in joy the eternal land of morning calm.[7]
Above the young and lovely, the faithful unto death,
The "Lamb of God," "The precious Saviour," floated high
On music's tender peal; "Brief life is here our portion,"
With "fourfold litany," "Oh Death, where is thy sting,"
"Oh Grave, thy victory?" It ends, and once again
The organ's mighty thrill, touched by the Master's hand[8]
Enthroned amid its majesty, gave the last requiem
To one he loved; then, prophet, voiced the soul's high hope,
I know that my Redeemer liveth ; in my flesh
I shall see God. I shall behold my risen Lord,
In the white regnant glory of the latter day.

The Transit. The music's grand intone hath found its rest:
The broken benediction flowed o'er gathered throng,

Waiting the egress of his final hour. Hence while
Their farewell floated on, life's mourning, parting song ;
Hence the pale form, uplifted, within its narrow home,
By gentle hands, by loving hearts was given ; and with
The lonely watcher by its side, was borne afar, afar ;
Swifter and more swiftly o'er the quick-fleeting distance,
While the miles melted, and the golden sunset paled
Into the patient shadows, and the umber night,
Dim, mourned and sorrowed into darkness. Thus as a wind
Of night, onward that speeding train so swiftly came ;
With its pale watcher and its prison home,
With its freighted sorrow and its deep sealed silence, with
Its inarticulate message and its euphony of woe.

NOTES.

[1] "To Brentwood's hallowed fane beside the Eastern sea."

The Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, Brentwood, Essex : described as "beside the Eastern sea," because its county, Essex, fronts the German Ocean.

[2] "The honored vestments." In the funeral train Mr. W. Larkin, Treasurer of the Guild of the Ascension, walked directly in front of the body, carrying the vestments of the deceased : and at the service in the Church, hanging over the stall which was rendered vacant by his death, were placed these vestments, a sacred memorial of his late living presence. See Appendix, page 108.

[3] "In the Rose Valley slept Crosse Lawrence."

The late residence of the deceased.

[4] "As on Patroclus' bier."

See Iliad, Book XXIII.

[5] "The Vicar, father-friend, and elder brother of the soul."

The Rev. Charles Grinstead, Vicar of St. Thomas the Martyr, Brentwood, Essex.

[6] "Their loved Superior."

The deceased was the Superior of the Guild of the Ascension.

[7] "The eternal land of morning calm."

Chusan, which signifies "the land of morning calm," is the highly poetical name, by which is known to the natives of the country, the peninsular empire which we call Corea.

[8] "The organ's mighty thrill, touched by the master's hand."

Mr. A. H. Brown—an eminent composer of sacred music, and the friend of the deceased.

THE VIGIL.

III.

III.

THE LAND OF AVALON.

III.

THE LAND OF AVALON.[1]

HE comes, the youthful dead,
Whence thrilling life has fled:
He comes, the gentle Priest,
For his sad hour of rest;

Devon. To the sweet vales of Devon,[2]
Beside the western sea,
Where ever smiles the even,
And ever smiles the lea:

Where the soft southern waters[3]
From far West-Indian seas,
Bring tropic flowers to blossom
Within their halcyon breeze:

Where the Teign's rippling river,[4]
With flooding tide doth fill
The quiet vales with gladness,
Beneath the verdant hill:

The Church. Where holy Norman valor [5]
Hath built its ancient church;
The ruin's ivied chapel [6]
Records its handiworks:

The Sunset. Where the sunset is sweetest
In all the western land;
The smiling river speaketh
Of life beyond its strand.

The golden sunset utters voice,
The silver river mirrors joys;
Of life's exultant, blessed land,
The other life's Elysian strand.

The sunset land. That sunset land of beauty rare,
Where heroes breathe in heavenly air,
Where Arthur, peerless knight, has gone,[7]
The sunset land of Avalon.

The Royal Arthur floats away
In evening's clouds to purple day,
Sailing in splendid argosy
O'er the enchanted, mystic sea,

To the new haven of eternal rest,
Where enter in the holy, pure and blest;
The Port that is heaven's portal,
The blessed Land immortal.

Like Arthur floating to the west
Doth come young manhood's loveliest,
In gentle splendor floats away
Into the light beyond our day.

Avalon.

So comes the youthful, saintly dead—
Life's longest half yet still unread—
The knightly priest doth hither come
Toward Avalon his Aidenn home.

The land that doth all lands excel,
Deep-meadowed, fair, with asphodel,[8]
The Conca d'Oro. And summer sea, whose golden shell
Parts holy mount from city's circling swell;

As at Palermo's stately side
St. Rosalie doth dwell;
And with its wavelets' golden tide
Guards the Saint's citadel.[9]

Here on the borders of that land
The youthful Priest doth silent stand.

Sweet fields beyond.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Wait, dressed in living green;
The river's broad and shining rood
Is all that lies between.

Here the sunset is sweetest still [10]
In all the western land ;
The smiling river speaketh, still,
Of life beyond its strand.

Of Avalon the shadows bright
In Teign's sweet vale are heaven's own light.

The Chancel Shrine.

Here in the Church's chancel shrine
The faithful dead and watcher come ;
The Norman Church's chancel shrine,
His gentle spirit's earliest home.

Nearest that holy shrine their tomb
Will ope for him its vaulted gloom,
Where the loved, kindred dead sleep well
Beneath the Church's pealing bell ;

The ivied Ruin's shadows wave
Above the flowers we call their grave :
And verdurous rest and heavenly peace
Doth speak the joy of life's release.

Hymn of The Cross.

The shadow of thy marble Cross
Mirrors its image on the moss ;
Imprints the seal of Jesu's love
On the green turf that grave above.

The Cross uplifts its sacred form
Beneath, above, beyond the storm.
Its patient arms embrace the dead,
Symbol of love o'er death outspread.

Like Guardian Angel it doth wait,
Reposing at the solemn gate
Of life eternal, life Divine ;
As at thy tomb, dear Lord, recline

Thy patient Angels, waiting Thee,
Waiting till Thou from death art free ;
Till Easter's glory fills the tomb,
And light Divine disperse the gloom.

So the dear Cross, with guardian care,
Doth watch the tranquil sleeper there ;
Waits for the coming of the dawn ;
Waits for thy victory, Easter morn!

Thou Cross so watchful, Cross so dear,
Emblem of faithful Saviour near,
Guard thou our graves until the morn,
Until we wake at Easter's dawn.

NOTES.

[1] "The Land of Avalon."

This is written, Avalon and also Avilion by Tennyson. In different editions of the Morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory, it is spelled, Avilion and Aveloune. Amid this variance I have followed the spelling of Mr. Herbert Coleridge, which seems to have the most authority and best critical usage.

[2] "To the sweet vales of Devon."

"The sweet county of Devon. Its valleys are like emerald; its threads of water stretched over the fields by their provident husbandry, glisten in the broad glow of summer like skeins of silk."

D. G. MITCHELL.

"Sweet shire, that bounteous Nature richly dowers;
Sweet shire, whose glens and dells are fairy bowers;
Sweet shire, whose very weeds are fragrant flowers."

[3] "Where the soft Southern waters"—

An allusion to the Gulf-Stream and the mild climate of Devon, where the myrtle and fig grow in the open air.

[4] "Where the Teign's rippling river"—

Which enters the sea at Teignmouth; for several miles from its mouth a broad tidal estuary. No one, who has seen it, will easily forget the extreme beauty of the view from the Church and Vicarage over the broad and shining river and the western hills, or the sunsets which irradiate and enshrine the scene with a peculiar glory and inevitable suggestion of the better land.

[5] "Where holy Norman valor
Hath built its ancient Church"—

The ancient Norman Church of St. John at Bishop's-Teignton, dates from about 1327–69 A.D. A large portion of the Church however is much older than this date, and belongs to the period of Saxon architecture. Says Lysons, Magna Britannia, vol. VI.:

"The most considerable remains of Saxon architecture in Devonshire are the two square towers of the Cathedral of Exeter, built by Bishop Warlewast, and the Churches of Bishop's-Teignton and East Teignmouth, both of which appear to have been built about the same time, (A. D. 1107–36). The Tower of Bishop's-Teignton is square and of massive construction. The west door exhibits the richest specimen of Saxon architecture in Devonshire, with grotesque heads, chevron and other mouldings. The south door has a plain circular arch, on the transom stone of which are some kneeling figures rudely carved. Many of the windows of Bishop's-Teignton are obviously of later date, long subsequent to the erection of the Church, probably about the 14th century, at which time the North Aisle appears to have been added. The Chancel belongs to the 14th century.

Fonts.—Among many of circular form and an early age, enriched with various carved mouldings, wreaths, scroll work, or foliage, may be enumerated those of Ashcombe, Bideford, Bishop's-Teignton, etc.

[6] "Ruin's ivied chapel"—

The ivied ruin of the ancient Lady-Chapel, which overhangs the rear of the Church and the family tomb.

[7] "Where Arthur, peerless knight, has gone,
The sunset land of Avalon."

This conception of King Arthur sailing away in his enchanted ship over the mystic sea is the glorious close of the Arthurian legend, and here it ceases, as the royal vessel vanishes from sight. I have ventured to add to the legend the new picture—his arrival at the Sunset Land,

"To the new haven of eternal rest,
Where enter in the holy, pure and blest,
The port that is heaven's portal,
The blessed land immortal."

and a thought which I have not found elsewhere, of the entrance to the harbor of Palermo, as a picture and shadow of that blessed haven where the royal galley enters to its rest. When I beheld that wonderful bay with the circling swell of its golden strand, the "Conca d'Oro," its glorious mountain on the right crowned by the pilgrimage church of St. Rosalie, and its stately city fronting our eager vessel, it rose before me as a beautiful dream and exquisite image of the entrance and haven of the Land of the Blest.

Says Goethe: "No words can express the aërial brilliancy which floated around the coasts as we approached Palermo. The clearness of *contour*, the softness of the whole, the tender blending of tones, the harmony of heaven, earth and sea—he, who has once seen it, possesses it for life."—*Translation by Mrs. Austin.*

[8] "With asphodel"—

An allusion to the asphodel meadow on the Elysian shore.

[9] " Saint's citadel "—

Here is a double-entendre—It is both Saint's and Saints'—both the citadel of St. Rosalie, and the citadel of the land of the blessed.

[10] " Here the sunset is sweetest still
In all the western land
The smiling river speaketh, still,
Of life beyond its strand."

Here is a new sort of rhyme—*Still,* in line one, means Yet, in line three, Tranquil. The *same* word is used but with different meanings.

THE VIGIL.

IV.

IV.

THE PORT THAT IS HEAVEN'S PORTAL.

IV.

THE PORT THAT IS HEAVEN'S PORTAL.

NOW the fierce steed has rested [1] that bore the mourning train,
The watcher and his burden have reached their land again,
The muffled bell doth drop its pearly toll along the road.
The dying moon doth wait till he draws nigh his last abode.

The steady-tolling bell doth gently lure him on ;
The guardian of his youth, it calls him to his own.
Tell, silent Spirit! tell, Doth that sad bell control
Thy measured fainting steps toward that eternal goal ?

Each toll doth lure a step, each fainting step a toll,
And ever mourns the tolling bell the passed soul.
While midnight darkling wide draws near with fateful power,
And the Teign's waning tide doth softly pulse the hour.

The mourners' steps of sorrow press o'er the lessening mile,
Till they have left their burden within the sainted aisle.

With level song triumphant along the holy rood, [2]
They bear their fainted burden to where in life he stood,
In joyful litany of stately praise,
In childhood's bliss of happy holidays.

The sad procession cometh along the peaceful aisle,
Laden with whitest flowers, heaven's gentle pitying smile.

I am the Resurrection and the Life,
Rises soft upon the air :
Blest are the dead that die in the Lord,
The youthful and the fair.

The Church wakes at his coming, and with radiant light
And sacred prayer and blessed hymn and holy rite,
Receives the parted soul in benediction sweet
Of loving arms. The sad and speechless form, replete

With death, she guards, and giveth the beloved sleep :
Then fervent prays the Lord the silent soul to keep.
Her lowly prayer shall watch through slowly-speeding night,
Her living love hath wings to guard the spirit's flight.

The father's prostrate heart doth lay its sacrifice
Upon the Altar's lambent flame with softened eyes,
And she with mother-sister's heart, who loved the dead,
Wept oft with streaming eyes and life that inward bled.

While the child-brother's [3] tearful, unforgetting voice
Mourns the sad painful loss of brightest earthly joys;
The brothers twain, their triad broken, ne'er forget
Of long-remembered years, affection's gracious debt.

The victor hymn hath passed away along the lonely aisle,
The holy service' faithful voice hath stilled itself awhile;
The loving friends are scattered all to silent broken sleep;
The tender mourners all are gone, to weep, and still to
weep.

NOTES.

[1] "Now the fierce steed has rested"—

Describes the arrival at the end of the railway journey at Teignmouth, which is followed by the transit through the darkling night and beside the moonlit river to the Church at Bishop's-Teignton.

[2] "The holy rood"—

The Church's aisle.

[3] A younger brother, St. John Chaloner Ogle, greatly beloved by the deceased.

THE VIGIL.

V.

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

I.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The Church.

NOW the passing bell hath ceased upon the startled air.
The holy service' voice hath blessed the tranquil sleeper there,
And left the watcher and the dead within the still
And folded silence. Now that pale form rests, within
The ancient Church, that centuried home of Jesu's flock;
That sacred fold, that mother mild; whose loving arms
Did guard his infant years; his childhood's opening bloom;
His manhood's fervid fire; his soul's illumined flame
Of consecration, and his mild baptismal hour;
His first communion with the Love and Chalice of his Lord;
His boyhood's choral song, his youthful Priesthood's blossoming.[1]

The Altar. Here, while I, sentinel, watched, as a restless sea bird, on
A column's stony wave, as night's meridian flitted near,

Had come the sad-hearted, the dear and loving, and left
The sealed and isolated one before the high Altar,
On which the lighted candles waited for the dawn :
While others, marshalled in close serried ranks beside
The coffin's long penumbra [2] of life's ending day,
As in a Chapelle-Ardente, wafted back the night's
Deep shadows and its hoary grime of blackness dire ;
And with their beautiful radiance kept the holy vigil
Of faith, until the fell darkness should flee away.

The Vision. All had withdrawn save one, who kept his sacred watch
Beside his brother's hushed and awe-struck silence. Veiled
In the deep night, the Church, although familiar as
Of old, seemed in my vision strange, expanded to the vast
Dimensions of a grand Cathedral's stately life,
Like Ely's splendid pile or Burgos' [3] wondrous glory.
And like the latter's symboled thought, its Lantern Tower
Seemed to ascend on high into the pierced heavens ;
Like Jacob's ladder, with its hosts of sculptured Saints
And Angels, who descend in benediction, or
Ascend in glorious joy the measured steps of the eternal
Felicity. But all was lost in deepest night.
It was the midnight's spectral hour, when darkness' wall
Is most fearful and sublime, when weakened life beats feeblest

In the heart, and savage powers from Tartarus wander forth
To a world that seems abandoned to their malignant will.

The Slumber. In blackness dread the faithful watcher, lost
In temporary reverie, has sadly risen ;
Unconscious, wandered from the Altar's home of light ;
Pressed down the vacant aisle ; and in folded sorrow reposed
Behind a column's shadow, which the glory-beam
Hath quite eclipsed, of the grieved Altar's guardian flame.
Enchanted sleep hath sudden sat upon his palsied brain,
And robbed his eyes and will and heart of memory's chain,
And sprinkled Stygian night upon his soul's white fane.

The Temptation. Hark! Now he is awakened by sudden whisperings
Out of the midnight's bosom. "Now it is your hour
And the power of darkness," is uttered at his ear.
Dim spirits move and wild temptations rise around.
The Ebon King of darkness and his spirit slaves,
All mocking hiss their incoherent blasphemies,
Squat at his startled soul ; fierce flying vampire fiends,
With leaden, lurid wings affright the dimned air,

Dark Earthliness, with its wild waves of passion's fire ;
Foul Unbelief with its presumptuous violence ;
Pale Skepticism's voice, with its unresting doubts,
That cast up mire and dirt along the soul's bright way ;
Rebellious Demons that would tear the very heaven
From its firm base of alabaster, its white throne
Would fierce implunge in dark oblivion's river's night ;
The wily and the craft-ful spirits, Demons wild,
Maleficent, that wore the faces of Renan
And Strauss, and Kuenen's guileful form, and those dark wraiths,
The countenances of Schopenhauer and Hartmann,
With hateful Pessimism infest the teeming shades.

The Demon Army. Surely all spirits of darkness and of guile and woe
Are in that fierce temptation, and as birds of night,
As Harpies foul with fetid claw and quivering beak,
Strain all their guilty powers to draw the shivering soul
From its allegiance, ere they fly the coming dawn.
The hollow arches ring with frantic mockery,
Like fierce hyena-laughter in the frightened gloom
Of peace-encinctured night, within the Holy Land.
Thus barking hoarse they cry—'Shall the pale sleeper rise ?
Is there another life for the departed soul ?
Is there a God that rules the thrilling universe ?
Is there a pitying Savior that doth reign on high ?
Or any hope that is an anchor to the soul

Both sure and steadfast, and that entereth in, to that
Dim hollow vault within the silence-guarded veil?'
The busy demons shriek, and the frail soul doth quail
With the horror of the great temptation, with the Were-
Wolves of darkness, and the midnight's mystic power.

The Overthrow. Hark! hist! Is it! It is! The silent sleeper
stirs,
And the vile demons hiss and scatter far. The fierce
Black spirits fleet away. The wolves of darkness hide.
A viewless something glides, all sweet and beautiful,
All white and silvery, across the Stygian tide,
And places on the dreamer's breast a Cross of mystic
light:
And the hideous nightmare that has brooded there, has
fled
Away, into the wall of night, into the unblessed
Rayless recesses of the hollow-haunted night.
The holy shining Cross upon his breast lights up
The vaulted gloom, and the night's nebulous brooding
wings,
Lights the frail soul within, deep struck with horrent
fear,
Lights the fluted column and the distant aisle.

Victory. He springs from behind the column's shadow; now
with brow
And bosom all illuminate, he comes afar,

And lifts his eyes toward the Altar's throne serene ;
Whereon the faithful lights are bravely shining, softly
Shining, and wafting back the crowding shadows' power.
With fearsome feet, but heart exalté he takes flight
From black pursuing night : with frightened joy he flees
To sheltering arms, to sacred haven, and is saved.
The holy Altar's glory-flame hath circled him;
The blessed Altar's mother-love enfolded him;
The faithful Altar's mighty shield hath covered him ;
The peaceful Altar's tender voice doth comfort him.
He has been tempted like his Lord; but that wild hour
Is o'er ; and still the Altar lights fight with the fierce
Darkness, and guard the pale, pale watcher and the lone
White spirit's pictured antitype, the silent dreaming dead.
Behold the morning cometh, and, behold! the night.
And now, Is it? It is, as with his risen Lord,
That when the impetuous onslaught of temptation dire
Is o'er, the Angels came in gentlest ministry!

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

II.

RESURGAM.

Silence Wakens.

THE heavy clock strikes One,—One after midnight's hour;
The silence may be felt, and broods with raven wings
O'er the pale sleeper's narrow home. Hark! What is that?
Upon the watcher's wakeful sense there inward creeps
A silent sound. 'Tis slumberous silence audible.
Is it? It is! Something alive is flitting near.
Within the sentinel lights around the coffin's pall
Something there is, he cannot see, nor hear, nor know,
But that reveals its presence to his spirit's awe-
Struck thrill. Is it? It is! The dead has wakenèd!
He kneels among his guardian lights, that, like the seven
Spirits of God, whose eyes are in the all of earth,
Protect him, child of eternity, from the danger
And the darkness' thrall, from the night's haunted brooding thrall.

The Angels of Consolation. Hark! what is that? Hark! what is that, so liquid, still?
Another rustling sound as of light wings, surrounds
The sleeper's resting-place; and a choir of Angels wafts
His first awakened prayer, commingled with the incense
That floats from their, but half-unfolded, hovering wings
Into the dome and distance of the lofty roof;
And conveys to his young quivering soul the Holy Grail,[4]
The golden Chalice cup of the Divine forgiveness,
The holy Eucharist, the wine of heavenly life;
Of which our Saviour said, "I will not drink it again
With you, even until I drink it new with you
In the kingdom of heaven." And now the awakening soul partakes
His Lord's Viaticum of love, the blissful draught,
Lethe of sorrow, wine of life, immortal joy,
A lambent flame, a raptured worship, purple peace,
A passion thrill from thy sweet passion, dearest Lord!
Thy love's beatitude, thine own eternal life.
With joy transported, from the Angels' hands he takes
The cup of heaven—erewhile their patient wings rest quiet,
Their eyes of love fold downward and their gentle lips
Pray fervently. Again the Angels and their songs
Are gone, and the soft incense of their lifted prayer.
In adoring ecstacy the exalted soul still bends
Before the Altar's veil. Before the shining vest
Of amber light that guards the Altar's throne serene
The trembling spirit kneels; his whispered prayer ascends

Within the Altar's incense; his transfigured heart
Shines radiant with unearthly love; his reverent eyes
Are lost in beatific vision, and the golden flame
Makes one transparent glory of his form; in which
Irradiant temple the soul shines with splendence soft
And flows through each translucent nerve of life electric.
Thus in its litany the ardent soul abides
Before the Altar's face. The faithful watcher waits.
The ~~lone~~ sea-bird on the wall doth keep sad silence there.

But soon the glowing vision's tide no longer flows.
Fast the exceeding brightness fades in night away;
The refluent glory passes, all too soon is gone.
Behold, the dark world settles to its hour of doom;
And lo, the morning cometh, and yet comes the night.

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

III.

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

The Two Maries.

THE heavy clock strikes Two,—Two after midnight's hour.
Hark! hist! Is it a sound, or a dark beauteous gem
Cut out from silence' shore, that has a melody
Enfolded in its secret life and raven gloom?
The watcher gazes upward at the window,[5] where
The sacred Maries twain, symbols of faithful love,
That watched his childhood's fleeting years, have long illumed
His bright imaginings of duty and of heaven;
And hidden, while revealed, the Divine allegory
Of guardian angels around his earthly footsteps. What!
He sees in the pale darkness that they are not there.
Again he looks. They have come down from their bright throne,
Where through the holy service they have stood so long
In the soft sunset's purple light, and illumined there
The dear faces of the children they have left behind,
With all the tinted glories of the better land.

At the Altar. Clothed in white robes and palms in their white hands, they kneel
Beside the Altar's front ; the mother dear at the end
Whence flows the Gospel's tide, the grandmother, greatly loved,
At the dear side, where abides the Epistle's sacred voice
Of warning's gentle guidance. And the mother blest

A Little Child. Holds by the hand a little child,[6] whose earthly life
Was one long atrophy ; a saddened atrophy,
In that the nourishment and infant joy that feeds
The young soft life with its beautiful bloom, was denied
To her: an a-trophy in that the grander victory
Of life, its achievements and the trophies of existence,
Were not given. But now, in its happy heart-beating
There is no tear, no sorrow pale. Its robes are white
As no fuller on earth can whiten them. Its sweet soft eyes,
Tender and true, so bright and blue, have seen the land
That is very far off. The heavenly grace hath folded her
Young spirit, and named her 'Grace' among the Angels, where
Child of immortal youth, her pensive heart doth dwell.

The Triad. It is! It is! Between them kneels the son beloved
And brother dear. Paleness has left his face ; stupor

His form. The cerements of death are left behind.
The robes of the white eternal life have encircled now
His pure transfigured spirit. The Cross of mystic light,
The Palm given by the martyrdom of death, are his.
He beholds the King in his beauty now, and he is wrapt
In the ecstatic vision of the blessed land.
A snowy sheen lies round him, lustrous aureole
Of fadeless light, whose shining folds e'en blanch
The paleness of the air, and white the gazer's soul
With scintillance of brightness, silvery clouds of thought.

Holy Radiance. The lights around the coffin have grown dim, gone out,
But those at the sacred Altar's side shine still more bright,
And seem with lambent light to pervade and penetrate
The figures of those Angels kneeling there, till each
Seems illuminated from within with a mystic radiance,
An opalescent brilliance in a pearly bloom;
A light ne'er seen on land, or sea, or sounding shore;
A light like to the stars in their faithful shining,
Or to the Lily where it blooms in the garden of God.
And there they kneeling wait and pray, the Angels three:
The Angel of Peace, the Angel of Rest, and the Angel of Prayer.
There, while the darkness wanes, they wait, and kneeling pray—
And lo, the morning cometh and the night is breaking.

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

IV.

THE ANGELS OF ADORATION.

Worship.

THE heavy clock strikes Three,—Three after midnight's hour.
E'en while we look, they kneel no longer. And now three
Exquisite Angels[7] instant stand all looking toward
The Altar's orient flame. Their faces' light is drooped
In prayer. The hands of each are clasped together, held
In ecstatic adoration's still and silent awe.
Their robes are whiter than the paling light, and shed
An infinite purity upon the ambient air,
The sapphire air that seems all hallowed into joy,
All quivering into gladness with their presence there.
But the bright wonder of the vision was their wings,
Which, half unfolded, thrill to fleet away to that blest home,
With which the Father crowns the far off templed height
Of azure arching skies, where He eternal dwells.
The pink and purple light from the inner dome of heaven
Was on those wings—the sunset's brightest glory-hue,

The rainbow's melody of radiance Divine
Was on those palpitating wings of love and peace.
And as they softly rose, and dove-like fell, they were
A perfume and a benediction sweet, a prayer
And vision, a thrilling aspiration and Divine
Pity. And waves of light seemed ever flowing through
Their life translucent, like to spirit-breathings, that
Would waft their pinions back to their fair home on high.
Thus stood the witness Angels of our hour sublime
Before the holy Altar's lifted face, erewhile
Its living lights were shining, and the Dayspring was
Arising, and the hasting shadows fled away.

V.

THE MIDNIGHT AND THE MORNING.

V.

GLORIA.

Night has fled.

HE heavy clock strikes Four—Four after midnight's hour—
And now the night has fled forever to its den
Of darkness, and the glorious morning cometh fair ;
The silver morning of eternal youth, of life's
Everlasting spring, of the vision of the Father's joy,
Of the presence of the Lord, of the communion full,
Emparadised, of the white Spirit's sanctity.
And while the patient watcher doth watch with wondering awe,
The three ascending Angels with their violet wings
Rise upward to the painted window's hallowed throne :
Then with their bright wings' hushed farewell, thy float on high
Into the azure morning's heaven, with empassioned thrill
Of infinite gladness, and with hymn of transfigured praise.
And while, entranced, he gazes after them, the swift
And splendid motion of their purple wings has borne

Them to the heavenly gate, to the Aidenn of the blest;
And they are hidden in the light forever-more.
Behold, while he is lost in that ecstatic vision,
And as they passed from his fond, swift-pursuing sight,
Lo—there is floating from the airy infinite
An ever-fading melody ; a multitude
Of the heavenly host was swaying round them as they rose
Into the receding distance of the Ætherial heights.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the Pilgrim of the night.

NOTES.

[1] Extract from a letter, from the Rev. William Pomeroy Ogle to his aunt in America.

"I was ordained on Thursday, Dec. 21st (1882), by the Bishop of St. Albans in the Parish Church of Chelmsford, Essex. On the following Sunday I preached at Luton and Bishop's-Teignton, and on Christmas Day I had the privilege of administering the Chalice for the first time, in the Church of Bishop's-Teignton. We were quite a family group, my father, P. * * * and myself dividing the service."

[2] "Penumbra" is defined in Astronomy: "A partial shade or obscurity on the margin of the perfect shade in an eclipse." How felicitous and complete the analogy to the coffin's lengthened shadow over the form beloved, as it lies on the margin of life's eclipse, the darkness of the grave.

[3] "Like Ely's splendid pile or Burgos' wondrous glory."

The grandeur and beauty of the Lantern of Ely is well known to Englishmen. A high authority has pronounced it, "The most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic Architecture in England." But, beautiful as it is, it is far inferior to the Lantern Tower of Burgos, which is perhaps the finest architectural object in Europe, and is worth alone a journey to Spain to see and study.

[4] "The Holy Grail." His sudden death in the shadows of the

morning makes this thought one of peculiar tenderness. As his spirit awakened from the night, the Angels of consolation bring him first the gift of the Holy Communion.

[5] "The window, where the sacred Maries twain"—

After the death of his mother and grandmother, who were buried on the same day, 1862, a beautiful memorial window was erected in the Church by loving friends, in which their love and faith were symbolized by the two Maries at the feet of the Lord. This window was nearly opposite the family pew, where it translated the soft air of the Sunday afternoon into the colors of heaven.

[6] "A little child"—

Alluding to an elder sister—Grace Margaret, born April 4th, 1852, died at Nice, May 1, 1855, after a long and wasting illness.

[7] "The Angels of Adoration"—

This portion of the Poem is the translation into language of a remarkable picture in the Academy of St. Luca at Rome, which impressed my mind so deeply that it has remained in my memory for many years. It is by a Roman artist, and is one of the finest works of the modern Italian school. The rapt adoring seriousness of the faces; the loving attitude of the encircling arms that sustain the fainting form of the Lord, the wonderful look of sorrow in the half-drooping eyes; the exquisite poise, suffused with passionate tenderness, of the many-colored wings; the thrilling movement with which they seem to rise and fall on the sacred air: make the picture a treasury of dreams.

THE VIGIL.

VI.

VI.

THE MIRACLE OF FLOWERS.

VI.

THE MIRACLE OF FLOWERS.

Lilies.

WITH reverent awe he follows them to the purple gate
Of morning, and turns again toward the hallowed Altar's side.
What miracle awaits his vision now? As in
The sacred tomb where slept the Blessed Virgin, [1] all
Is heavenly flowers. The cerements of death are flowers
Of Paradise. The Altar lights are lilies now,
And the soft rainbow glow of crowding violets
And versicolored roses fills the scented air.
All lights are flowers, all flowers are starry lights. And as
The Altar lights fought back the darkness, so the flowers
Empearl the day, and make it worthy of their sweet
Blossoming. And their perfume is a message from the dead.
Purity is the Lily's voice and Joy the Rose,
And Peace is folded in the soft Camellia's bloom.
Blest are the dead who die in the Lord, all nature speaks,
And with her pitying, many-tinted voice doth give
Them requiem, doth give them tender requiem.

The Exit. At last, enreveried in the wondrous vision fair,
The watcher leaves the holy Altar and returns
Into the new-born light and to the outer world.
He presses to his bosom's throne that amber Cross
Of light, the sainted brother's guerdon, and his wand
Of hallowed power, the ~~new~~-parted Angel's Talisman.
That Guardian Cross, that Cross of light, has eyes to see
Within his bosom's darkness, has light to lead without,
Through the world's devious way, to the bright land of dawn;
Has victor power against the darkness, and a light
That is whiter than earth's clouded light. Its magnet power
Is heaven, and it turns true to its pole's uplifted star.

Watchman, it tells us of the night—what its signs of promise are,
Traveller, o'er life's distant height, see its pole, 'tis Bethlehem's star.[2]

NOTES.

[1] "The Blessed Virgin"—

The thought here is suggested by Raphael's picture of the Coronation of the Virgin, (in the 4th Sala of the Vatican Gallery at Rome), so familiar to those who know and love Rome and Raphael. While the Virgin appears enthroned in heaven, the apostles are seen below standing around the empty tomb, which is filled and overflowing with flowers.

[2] "'Tis Bethlehem's Star"—

It is an interesting fact that these words, altered from Bowring, were written some weeks before I received a copy of the Church Times from England, describing the Memorial East Window which had been erected in memory of the Rev. William Pomeroy Ogle in the Church at Brentwood; in which at the top of the Arch appears the Star of Bethlehem. So that my thought above expressed seemed a prophecy.

THE VIGIL.

VII.

VII.

THE MELODIOUS GRAVE.

VII.

THE MELODIOUS GRAVE.

The Entombment.

ONCE more 'tis evening's hallowed hour. The tired Sun
Stoops to his setting, and would weary seek his land
Of dreams. Again the Church's tender pitying knell
Doth call the mourners' steps to the sad tearful hour
When all is over, and the silent dead retires
Within his flowery tomb ; where kindred dead in halls
Of silence wait his ordered coming to their last
Embrace of sorrow ; and the beauteous vestment that
He wore amid earth's shadows waits for the morning, waits—
In its silent folded rest the eternal morning calm,
Waits for the true celestial land of morning calm.[1]

A Golden Chain.

A week has passed, whose linked days in rosary
Of sorrow, make a golden chain of grief, of love,
Transfigured tears and lowly prayer, that daily calls
The watcher to his bended knee and faithful hour
Of blest communion with the loved and parted soul.

Again. Again he seeks the silent grave and stands
Above its verdurous rest. The turf is soft,
The shadows deep, the sunny hour is heaven's
Own benediction, and the peace our blest
Redeemer's gift. Lost in his plaintive grief
He sinks beside the grave; with ear attent
To its soft harmonies of hallowed quiet.
Behold what wonder now awaits his sense!

Merlin. As in the legend old of Merlin's tomb,[2]
His sad melodious grave doth ever mourn
His fairy-prisoned soul: its threnody
Of sorrow ever floats upon the air;
Till he again is free from the false Vivian's spell
Of magic and the enchantment of her syren power:

Holy Music. So from this saintly grave a holy music lifts
Its whispered resonance. Yet not the voice of grief
Or thraldom comes upon the hushed and hallowed air.
Ecstatic joy is in that voice, a monody
Of holy hymns ascending from their turfy bed
Into the still and blissful air, that gently waits
For its new coming, waits—and then with insect hum
And all the multisonant voice of evening's hour,
Joins the sweet melody of everlasting peace,
Unvanquished, deathless hope. So this melodious grave
Doth musically murmur hymned monodies
And tender diapasons to the bending sky.

Nature's Hymn. The multitudinous smile of ocean, is in that
Soft crooning hymn of velvet afternoon ; the song
Of birds, the lark at heaven's bright gate, the humming bird,
God's tiniest gift to earth's sweet air, the nightingale,
That in the Alhambra's groves [3] doth court his tender mate,
The linnet and his love, and all the bright array

The Æolian Harp. Of the aerial choir. The æolian harp,
Whose gentle sway is spread upon the winds,
And bends the mighty storms to music's will,
All, all pay tribute to the multitone
From that melodious grave, and ever join
Their worship pure and lowly in the Psalm
Seeming of varied voices that ascends
The overshadowing dome of heaven, the blue

Light. Ætherial air, that waits the glory of the sun
And brings the splendent radiance of his gilded car,[4]
To shadowed mortal eyes. The mysterious murmured roar
Of fair far waterfalls, the ocean's voice within
The pearly shell, mingles in that sweet peaceful Psalm.
The song the awakened morning stars did joyous sing,
Is braided in with that low voice of praise;
And with its soft vibrating Aeons' fluttering swell,

Forever with its many-tinted radiance lifts
The Atlas-ermined mantle of Eternity.

NOTES.

[1] "Waits for the true celestial land of morning calm"—
See Part II. Brentwood, Note 2.

[2] "As in the legend old of Merlin's tomb"—
"The melodious grave of the Enchanter, Merlin, which is in the Forest of Broceliande in Brittany, beneath lofty oaks whose topmost branches blaze up like green flames to the sky."—*Heine.*

[3] "The Nightingale, that in the Alhambra's groves"—
The noble avenues of elms at the Alhambra, whose trees were sent from England by the Duke of Wellington, are full of nightingales, and their music is one of the special attractions of the place.

[4] "And brings * * radiance of his gilded car to mortal eyes"—
Alludes to the phenomenon of Refraction.

[5] "The Atlas-ermined mantle of eternity"—
Is an allusion to the ancient legend of Mount Atlas sustaining the dome of heaven through eternal years, and also a memory of the most glorious sight I ever beheld, the wonderful view of the whole snow-covered range of the Atlas from Fort National in the Kabyle country of Algeria. Those who have seen the Alps of the Bernese Oberland from the terrace at Berne, can form an imperfect idea of this most magnificent of views.

THE VIGIL.

VIII.

VIII.

THE LOTOS FLOWER.

VIII.

THE LOTOS FLOWER.

THE Lotos flower its life began beneath the tide,
Beheld earth's slime and slimy things on every side ;
Worms and decay, decay and worms surround its life,
The watery ooze and earth's strange things in constant strife.

So the white soul, a tiny seed, begins its life
Amid earth's slime and creeping things in fervid strife;
Its infant thought awakes beneath the waters' tide,
And sends its rooted winglets forth on every side.

Its fertile senses find their fill of earthly joy;
Earth's depth of rich regalement doth not cloy;
The undersoul doth vivid feed its living wants;
The senses' song doth healthful fill their busy haunts.

But now the Lily's stem ascends the lucent tide ;
Forsakes the rooted depths where once it sported wide.
The wealth of waters feeds its lifted glow of life,
The waters' lambent waves with joyous brightness rife.

So the white Soul uplifts a Spirit's slender life,
No more a creeping thing beneath the oozy strife.
Élancée, straight and firm, it mounts the silver tide,
True to the star-beam's call piercing the waters wide.

The life of nature rare beneath the Lily's feet—
It hastens up the watery heights its soul to greet;
Translucent depths it pierces fast with glittering eye;
A Spirit's life has found; can feebly now descry

A wondrous mantling light above the waters fair,
Folding the lucent deeps in shining Æther rare;
The life doth seek its soul, the soul its amber life;
And ever rises toward its goal, through waters rife

With sweet temptations upward, shadows bright, and joys
Enshrined in waves' pellucid gladness; that employs
The myriad forms of beauteous finny life; which give
Sweet praise to the Creator that they blissful live.

The crisis hour has come, the Soul's soft ecstasy:
Its lofty head it lifts through the bright waters' play,
And finds the ambient air, the warm and golden sky,
The Sunlight on the waters; and observes on high

The fervid orb of day, the world of air and earth,
The blissful mystery of life come in one hour to birth.
And now unfolds the Lily's bloom in heavenly air,
It pillows now its gentle head on bosom fair

Of folding waters, and looks round on earth's green
world
Of gladness; and looks up to heaven's empyrean
Of orbed radiance, the Ætherial dome serene,
Where the Divine reigns infinite in light empearled.

NOTE.—The frequent repetition of the same rhymes above is purposed, designed to suit the verse to the tender and gentle parable it bears.

THE VIGIL.

IX.

IX.

THE BLESSED LAND IMMORTAL.

IX.

THE BLESSED LAND IMMORTAL.

Its Triune Life.

SUCH is the Lily's climbing destiny, its inborn hope,
Its first life is of earth, its second life of spirit,
Aspiring mid translucent mysteries to know
The higher light ; its third life is of heaven, its seat
Upon the changeful waters, but its home the air
Of heaven, its food the golden light of suns and stars
Englorified in æther : its unfolding bloom
Is worship ; its new life a song of praise forever ;
Its white purity a hymned thanks to the Divine
Beneficence and overshadowing love : its bliss
A pictured lesson of the soul's ecstatic dawn.

The Legend. As in the legend old, the mystic Lotos flower
Did sacred symbolize ephemeral Time afloat
Upon the gentle bosom of Eternity ;
While the lifted spirit caught brief glimpse of golden peace

Hidden within the folded centuries : Thus the Soul
Floats on the Eternal's bosom, and its hour of earthly Time
Is hid within the orbed centuries. Endless life
The Mystic Lily. The mystic Lily holds within its fragrant heart,
And with ambrosial bliss doth feed the sainted soul,
Who will go out no more forever from the feast
And home the Lily Angel fair doth make of heaven.
The souls on earth we daily knew, in heaven each dwells
Within a Lily's heart; floats on the Crystal Sea
In a white Lily's heart; hath its eternal home
Within a Lily's heart; that opes its bosom's gold
To greet the golden day, and folds its petals white
To meet the purple night ; that follows the Soul's Sun
With reverent worship, and at evening's pensive hour
Doth wrap the drapery of its argent cloak around
The tired soul, while it lies down to pleasant dreams.
And while they sleep, their Lilies, Guardian Angels, still
Behold the Father's face who is in heaven, and who
Enfolds in His Divine embrace all holy souls,
While the vast aeons' waves break on the eternal shore,
And the Morning Stars come to their hour of glorious dawn.

Other Selves. Those Lilies are our heavenly bodies, waiting our blest
Exchange of worlds—still listening, waiting, evermore
The blissful union; other fairer selves, whose life
Is the white robe enfolding our ascending souls.

These are our Guardian Angels, that behold on high
The Father's face, our other selves, that never left
The heavenly portal, and with loving longings deep
Wait for our coming; that their purer life
May body ours, may be our garment of celestial praise,
Our music senses, our Divine attune to peace
Unfading, our vehicle of thought and canopy
Of soul; to whose soft lifted eyes all heaven is fair;
Unending years unwind life's gentle river's stream;
While a Saviour leads beside still Lilied waters bright,
Or makes to grow in meadows fair eternally.

THE VIGIL.

X.

X.

THE SEA-BIRD'S RETURN.

X.

THE SEA-BIRD'S RETURN.

Over.

UCH was the tender pitying tale, my Sea-bird brought to me,
Over the wild and roaring gale—over the saddened sea;
Over the frightened, hasting waves—over the storm's stern power;
Over the treasures in Ocean's caves—over the tempest's hour;
Over the Sea's fierce restless roll—over the glowering day;
Over the hiding, hungry shoal—over the wearying way;
Over the night's dim silent scene—over the shrouded dead;
Over the watery world unseen—over the shipwreck's bed;
Over the cities that sunk away [1]—over the tides that swell—
Over the sails in the beautiful bay—over the storm's farewell;

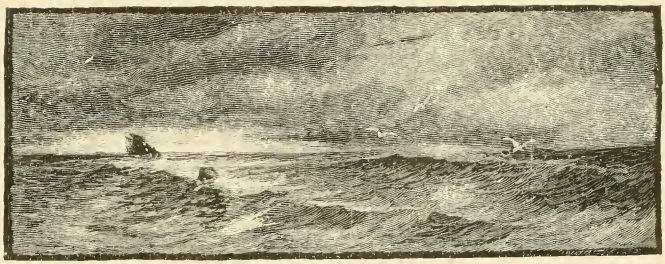
Over the slumbers of fair Undine—over the harbor's rest;
Over the joy of its own demesne—over its home and nest.

Under. Under the stars that silent shine—under the winds that blow;
Under the moon in its pallid shrine—under the whitening snow;
Under the sun's dim ghostly veil—under the fog's dark bower;
Under the cyclone's pitiless hail—under the typhoon's power;
Under the Aurora's mocking light—under the Phosphor's glow;
Under St. Elmo's warning bright—under the lightning's sault;
Under the meteors fierce that run—under their portents' scorn;
Under the Oxen of the Sun—under the clouds of dawn;
Under the morning's advent fair—under the growing gleam;
Under the evening's purple air—under its waning dream;
Under the dusk's encircling gloom—under its shadows deep;
Under the night's enfolding tomb—under its mists that creep;
Under the holy Care that guards—under the Love that waits;
Under the Power no power retards—under the pitying fates.

Finis. Over the land, over the sea, my sea-bird came
to me,
Bearing its tender tale to me, over the hallowed sea:
Under the sky with its glittering arch, it flew to bring
to me,
The freight it bore, on its pinions' march, over the sad-
dened sea.

NOTE.

[1] 'Over the cities that sunk away'—
The lost land of Atlantis.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

I.

From The Essex County, Chronicle, Friday, August 8th, 1884. (Chelmsford.)

SAD DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM POMEROY OGLE.

A feeling of pain and gloom has been cast over Brentwood and the neighborhood by the sudden death of the Rev. Wm. Pomeroy Ogle, one of the curates of the parish. Mr. Ogle, who was found dead in bed on Friday morning, was only 24 years of age. He was a son of the Rev. W. Reynolds Ogle, rector of Bishops-Teignton, Devonshire, and lord of that manor. He had been at Brentwood about a year and eight months, and by his devotion to his work, his bright and happy disposition, and his singularly winning manner, had gained the esteem of all with whom he had been brought in contact. He took a special interest in the work of the elder Sunday class, and exercised over the lads a peculiar charm which bound them to him in a spirit of true affection. He was also superior of the Young Ward of the Guild, and was the head of the Juvenile Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. He was of delicate constitution, but devoted himself to his work with great earnestness. More than once he was compelled to seek a change to recuperate his strength, and on one occasion, when taking part in the services of the Church, he was obliged to retire to the vestry owing to faintness, to which he was liable from the weak state of his heart. He was possessed of independent means, but was so wedded to his work that he never thought of relinquish-

ing it. As a preacher he was much appreciated. That he recognized the possible consequences of his delicate constitution was apparent in some of his sermons, and especially in one which he preached only two or three weeks since from the words, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Recently, however, he had appeared to be in comparatively good health. During last week he attended the services as usual and took part in the one at five o'clock on Thursday evening. This only served to intensify the shock with which the news of his death was on Friday morning received in the town. Upon the Vicar, the Rev. C. Grinstead, with whom he had worked in such thorough harmony, the sad news made a most painful impression. The deceased would have begun his holiday on Monday last, and he had intended to spend it at his home in Devonshire. He had invited Mr. A. H. Brown, the organist at the parish church, to spend his holiday with him, and Mr. Brown was expecting a visit from the deceased to arrange for their going away, when the sad tidings of his death were reported.

APPENDIX

II.

From The Essex County Chronicle, Friday, August 8th, 1884. (Chelmsford.)

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

REFERENCES TO THE EVENT.

The services at the parish church on Sunday were of an affecting character. The Rev. C. Grinstead, who was evidently laboring under deep feeling, gave a short address in place of the usual sermon, relating to the work and character of the deceased. The first hymn sung was the one commencing, "When our heads are bowed with woe." The other hymns were "Behold the Lamb of God!" and "O Saviour, precious Saviour."

The Vicar, in the course of his address, said that he was sure that in the face of the trouble which possessed them all, they would not expect him to say many words, but he must allude to the point of their very great loss. Their dear friend and brother was endowed with so many personal gifts that he made himself dear to the hearts of all those with whom he was brought in contact. By his bright and happy disposition, his willing and ready spirit, his winning manner, and his devotion, he won a way everywhere for himself—alike in the children's school and among those who were grown up. His death was a great loss to them, but he spoke to them that day in a way that no one could ever speak to them—so strongly, so deeply to their hearts. It seemed sad that one so young, so full of promise, should

so suddenly be cut off from their midst, and should have had to carry about with him, so to speak, the canker which should suddenly cut him down in the midst of life. Their lost friend preached about it sometimes, but never with such singular force as to-day, in the Lord's own words, "Be ye ready also." Many, and especially the young, were apt to forget that lesson. They were so young, so full of life, but how many knew they did not carry about the same weakness, the same disease? How could they pass over the solemnity of that warning when they considered the uncertainty of life? Look at their service-book: the particulars of last Sunday's services were filled in in the handwriting of their dear friend on Monday. He had filled in the days of Wednesday and Thursday—but the services on those days had to be filled in by another hand. On Thursday he was there at evensong and knelt with them in the chapel. *When the bell sounded he came gladly, scattering smiles on all around.* On Friday the bell called, but there was "no voice nor any to answer." Did not this tell them what a dreadful thing it was to be in life with all its opportunities, and be so near to death? How they saw the spirit of their dear brother in the way he disposed of his money! Sufficient he had for his wants, but how generous in giving it away! He (the Vicar) knew many times he would call to him some of those poor people who were at the lodging-houses to speak to them, and give them of his means. It might be against all the laws of political economy, but from the freedom of his heart he would give, hoping it would bless the recipient as well as the giver. He was so unselfish, so unsparing, never calculating that this or that would be to his injury. One person said to him yesterday, that their dear friend knew some months ago that he was suffering from this disease, and he was asked by the person of whom he spoke to be more sparing of himself; but he said, "I must live in my way—do my work in my way." He never altered—he went on just the same. They might say it was reckless and careless, but it was the whole disposition of the man to give himself and all he had to the work. He had received the spirit of joy, willingness, and devotion in all that he did. The many ailments and weaknesses which in solitary times pressed on him—when he was at home, quiet and alone, had been taken away, and God had received him to himself. The Vicar announced that the body of the deceased would be brought to the church on Tuesday evening, and those who

liked to do so might walk in the procession. There would be a short service afterwards, and a celebration of the Holy Communion on Wednesday morning, so hat those who desired to bear a last tribute of affection and reverence to him who had gone, would have the opportunity of joining with them and him in the communion of saints.

The congregation was much moved by the Vicar's address, and many eyes were moistened. At the close of the service Mr A. H. Brown played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, the clergy and choir and most of the congregation kneeling throughout.

The deceased's father attended the service.

The service on Sunday evening was also of a very affecting character. Special hymns were sung, and at the close of the service the hymn "Day of wrath! O day of mourning," was sung, the congregation kneeling. As the congregation was leaving, Mr. A. H. Brown played Chopin's funeral march.

FUNERAL PROCESSION AND SPECIAL BURIAL SERVICES.

The feeling of grief which the sad occurrence has caused in the town of Brentwood was manifested in a most striking manner on Tuesday evening, when there was a funeral procession from Crosse Lawrence, the late residence of the deceased, in Rose Valley, to the Parish Church, where a special burial service was held. Hundreds of persons had assembled along the route, and the procession, which started from Crosse Lawrence at half-past seven, moved slowly through an avenue of deeply affected people. The procession was headed by a cross-bearer (Mr. A. Larkin), next walked the choir led by Mr. Bailey, the hon. choirmaster, followed by the following clergy:—The Revds. C. R. N. Burrows, F. Alban Wyld, C. Earle, Denton Jones, and C. Grinstead, vicar. Then came the body; the coffin, which was borne by 12 bearers, being covered with a rich purple pall, while upon the top were a number of beautiful wreaths. The pall-bearers were Mr. J. C. Quennell, Mr. R. Quennell, Mr. E. N. Cubitt, Major Steuart, Captain Cole, and Mr. G. P. Charter. Immediately following the

body were the Rev. Pelham Ogle, a brother of the deceased, and the Rev. J. T. Bailey. The members of the Guild of the Ascension, of which the deceased was the superior, walked next, followed by the members of his Sunday-School class and the pupils of Whitelyons School; and the rear of the procession was brought up by a large number of the residents of the town, among them being Mr. J. Philips, the Rev. R. T. Pollexfen, Messrs. F. U. S. Hayne, J. F. Wiffen, W. Carter, M. Playle, I. Turrell, R. Smith, Laming, W. Salmon, H. Newell, Howe, J. H. Drake, Haylett, G. Aldridge, T. Wells, T. Tate, C. Ablin, H. L. Lewis, A. Fogden, F. Stanford, J. Merry, H. F. Smith, Barrett, J. Back, Henry Young, Tibbett, and many others, including a number of ladies. Mr. W. Larkin, treasurer of the Guild, *walked directly in front of the body, carrying the vestments of the deceased*, and Mr. W. H. Jarvis acted as ceremonarius. As the procession moved slowly up the hill, with the choir singing "The Litany of the four last things," (Nos. 463), the scene was a most impressive one. On the conclusion of the Litany, the hymn "Brief Life is here our Portion" was sung, and the procession passed through the cemetery to the west door of the church. On the choir entering the church the opening sentences of the burial office were read, the body meanwhile being borne up the central aisle and placed on the bier in the centre of the chancel. On each side of the coffin were three lighted candles, *and near by, hanging over the stall which is rendered vacant by his death, were the vestments of the deceased.* The church was crowded. The service was a mingling of the Burial Office and the Evening Service. The Psalms from the Burial Office, Nos. xxxix. and xc. were chanted. The first lesson, which was read by the Rev. Denton Jones, was that for All Saints' Day, from Wisdom iii. to 9. The second lesson was from the Burial Office, and was read by the Rev. C. R. N. Burrows. Immediately after the second lesson the Vicar, the Rev. C. Grinstead, standing at the entrance to the chancel, delivered an address. It was to them, he said, very gratifying to see so many present, to show by their sympathy and loving kindness in accompanying the procession their affection for their dear-departed brother. From that place where he was, in that land where there was no sorrow, where sorrow had fled away for ever, and where joy and happiness increased day by day, in that place which he now knew, he had seen their marks of affection; for we could not but believe that the soul,

which was separated from all that was earthly, looked out from that place with the knowledge which God had given him. They knew that this knowledge was not complete; they knew that the other land, the land of Paradise, where their beloved were, was a land of growth and increase, and knowledge grew day by day; and love grew, and the blessing of the sense of reward grew there. What was the reward which the laborer received when the Lord gathered him to his rest? Not the reward only of affection and sympathy. The reward of the laborer was that described by the great laborer, St. Paul, —"What is my hope, my joy, my crown of rejoicing? Is it not ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ?" What would their dear brother say to them that night from the platform of that chancel? He would say, "Be you followers of Christ, even as I am. If you are looking forward to the heavenly home which I have reached by the same way I have preached to you, do you follow in that way. Follow what I have instructed you in, and that home of rest and freedom from worldly care and sorrow which I have reached shall be yours." He (the Vicar), hoped that the effect of having seen one of the ministers brought into that chancel would be, that they would endeavor to tread in the steps of God's ministers so far as they taught them the will of God. They might imitate their dear departed brother. They knew he served his Master in much weakness, in much pain at times; but his heart seemed so full of love to those among whom he ministered, so full of love for his work, so overflowing with gladness and joy, that wherever he went there was *an atmosphere of joy about him.* He had a secret trial. He had pains within which he carefully shielded from the rest of the world, and when he spoke to them as he did at times, he knew what it was to live a Christian life in great weakness, in many trials; he knew, when the gaze of the world was not fixed upon him what the trial and suffering of a Christian life was, and he asked them from *his secret cross of suffering* to follow the steps of his blessed Master. It ought to teach them to be very tender to one another. There might be weaknesses in all. Let them remember that they could not tell under what difficulties, under what sorrows they each one had to live a religious life.

The service was then proceeded with, the hymn "Jesus lives! no longer now," being sung immediately before the blessing. At the close of the service Mr. A. H. Brown played "I know that my Re-

deemer liveth," from the *Messiah*. After the service the congregation filed up the side aisles and passed in front of the chancel, many pausing to kneel in prayer at the chancel steps.

The body remained in the church through the night, and was attended by relays of watchers composed of members of the Guild of the Ascension.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, which was attended by a large number of communicants. Solemn as this service naturally is, it was on Wednesday morning of a peculiarly impressive nature, the body of the deceased still resting on the bier in the chancel. There were many beautiful wreaths and crosses on and around the coffin, including one of white flowers, which was brought that morning. The celebrant was the Rev. C. R. N. Burrows, assisted by the Vicar and the Rev. F. A. Albyn Wyld. The service used was Mr. A. H. Brown's "Missa Quinti Zoni," the "Gloria in Excelsis" being rendered in a monotone instead of being sung. A special introit was used for the occasion. At the close of the service the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung.

At ten o'clock, immediately prior to the removal of the body from the church, a short service was conducted by the Rev. C. Grinstead. The body was placed in a hearse and conveyed by road to Paddington station, and from thence by railway to Bishops-Teignton. The body was interred in the family vault at St. John's Church yesterday (Thursday). The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. C. J. Wallis, who with the Vicar accompanied the body to Paddington station.

Among those who sent wreaths were the Bishop of Colchester, Mrs. Blomfield, Mrs. Growse, Mrs. Nickisson and family, Mrs. Odell, Mr. A. H. and Miss Brown, Miss Garden, Mrs. C. N. Cubitt, Mr. and Mrs. G. Larkin, Mr. W. H. Jarvis, Miss James and Miss Taylor, Miss Nichols, Mr. Hodge, Mrs. Deverell, Mr. Leverton, the Men's Guild; and crosses were sent by Major and Mrs. Steuart, Mrs. E. P. Landon, Mrs. W. W. Brown, the Girl's Guild Ward, the choir boys, Miss Bryan, the Misses Lucas, and others.

APPENDIX

III.

From The Church Times,

London, Feb. 6th, 1885.

Brentwood, Essex.—A highly interesting service took place in the parish church of this town on Saturday afternoon last, the dedication of the great East window, which has just been filled with stained glass to the memory of the late much-beloved curate, the Rev. W. P. Ogle, who died suddenly last August. The window is of the Early English period, and consists of three long lancet lights, the centre one being wider and very much longer than the sidelights. The subjects are three in number: 1st, the Epiphany running through the lights, surmounted with canopies, in each of which are two angels worshiping the Holy Child, above Whom is the miraculous star; 2nd, and principal subject, is the Crucifixion, the figures of which are little short of life-size. This subject is also surmounted by canopies of the Early English period, the top of the central one (3) forming the footstool of the throne on which our Lord is seated in glory, clothed in albe and stole to show His Priesthood, and robe, crown, and orb, to show His Majesty, His right hand being raised in benediction. At the foot of the whole is the following inscription :—"To the glory of God, and in affectionate memory of William Pomeroy Ogle, deacon of this church, who was born on the Feast of St. Lawrence, 1859, and died on Lammas Day, 1884. This window is dedicated by those who loved him, on the Vigil of the Purification, 1885." A special service, authorized by the Bishop, was used, consisting of versicles, antiphon, psalms, prayers, hymns, and address. There was a full choir, and

the vicar sang the prayers standing at the altar, and afterwards delivered the address. On the same day another window was unveiled in the south aisle, consisting of four lights, and containing standing figures of SS. Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Matthew, placed to the memory of Mr. Thomas Larkin, an old parishioner. The glass of both windows is of exquisite tone and quality, and is from the studio of Messrs. A. O. Hemming and Co., 47, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, who also lately supplied another similar window presented by Mr. Arthur H. Brown, organist of the church, and his sister, to the memory of their parents.

APPENDIX

IV.

From The Teignmouth Gazette.

REOPENING OF LUTON CHURCH.

Saturday last, St. Luke's day, was the 30th anniversary of the Dedication of Luton Church. This date was appropriately chosen for the ceremony of re-opening the Church after considerable improvement and adornment both in nave and Chancel. The decoration of the Chancel was the especial feature of the work; and this part was undertaken as a memorial to the late Rev. William Pomeroy Ogle, whose sudden and untimely death, nearly three months ago, is yet fresh in the memory of friends and neighbors.

Mr. Ogle, the third son of the Vicar of Bishop's-Teignton, was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. He then studied at the Ely Theological College, and was ordained Deacon at Advent, 1882, by the Bishop of St. Albans. For the next 18 months he held the Curacy of St. Thomas the Martyr, at Brentwood, in Essex; where "by his bright and happy disposition, his ready and willing spirit, his winning manner, and his devotion, he won a way everywhere for himself—alike in the children's school and among those who were grown up." (We quote from a sermon preached at Brentwood by the Vicar, the Rev. C. Grinstead.)

On the 1st of August, Mr. Ogle was taken away from his work by sudden and unexpected death. He had dined in London the previous evening, and was apparently in perfect health and spirits. The next

morning he was found dead in his bed. The cause of death was found to have been sudden failure of the action of the heart, which the post-mortem showed to have been of unusual weakness.

Funeral services were held on August 5th and 6th, at Brentwood, and on the 6th and 7th at Bishops-Teignton, which were very largely attended; and on the last mentioned day the body was laid in the family vault at Bishop's-Teignton. Very shortly afterwards steps were taken to erect appropriate tributes to his memory in the parishes which were the scenes of his early life and ministerial labors.

The small church at Luton was originally built in 1853, by the kind interest and liberality of the Vicar of Bishop's-Teignton and a small body of friends.

The improvements on this occasion have consisted chiefly in the opening out of the Chancel Arch and the decoration of the choir walls and roof with scroll-work, block patterns and ecclesiastical emblems. On the south side was the text, "So He giveth His beloved sleep," and on the north side, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." But the principal memorial character of the work has been contained in four figures of Saints, placed two on either side of the East window. On the north, St. Stephen and St. William of York; on the south, St. Lawrence and St. Nathanael. The appropriate choice of these particular Saints has been indicated by the memorial brass in the sedilia in the south wall, the inscription on which was as follows:

Ad majorem Dei gloriam
et
in memoriam
Willelmi Pomeroy Ogle, diaconi,
Quem, simplicitatem S. Nathanaelis, S. Stephani
fidelitatem, S. Laurenti constantiam, suavitatem
S. Willelmi, pro viribus aemulantem,
Muneribus sacrosancti ministerii vixdum libatis
Subita mors infeliciter abripuit,
Chorum hujus ecclesiae adorandum curaverunt
Pater, cognati, amici.
Natus est Aug. X. MDCCCLIX.
Obiit Aug. I. MDCCCLXXXIV.

(Translation.)

To the advancement of God's glory, and in memory of William Pomeroy Ogle, deacon, who, striving as far as he might after the guilelessness of St. Nathanael, the faithfulness of St. Stephen, the constancy of St. Lawrence, and the loveableness of St. William, when he had but just entered upon the duties of the sacred ministry, was untimely snatched away by sudden death, his father, relations and friends have undertaken the adornment of the Chancel of this Church. He was born August 10th, 1859; he died August 1st, 1884.

The figures of the saints are painted in monochrome, under canopies, against a three-quarter background of gold diaper work, the upper quarter being of pale blue, thus throwing the heads and nimbi into fine relief. All four are represented standing; St. Stephen holding his emblem, the palm, his eyes raised to heaven, and with stones at his feet; St. William, Archbishop of York, in the attitude of benediction; St. Lawrence holding his gridiron, is after a special design prepared at Munich; and St. Nathanael with the Jewish head-dress, as depicted in the Memorial Chapel at Windsor, is in the attitude of prayer. The chocolate-colored outline, relieved by gold decoration, produces a clear and pleasing effect; and some of the figures are strikingly characterized by gentle grace and devotion. We understand that Mr. Poole of Teignmouth, will shortly publish photographs of this very pleasing work of art. The general opinion of critics is very complimentary to the skill and taste shown by the decorator, Mr. A. Welch, of Bovey Tracey.

On the day of opening, the church was handsomely adorned with flowers, fruit, and corn, by Mrs. Young of Teign Lawn, who has throughout taken much interest in the work. The service was appointed for 12 o'clock, and by that hour almost every seat was occupied by parishioners and by many visitors from the parishes around. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Pelham Ogle, who took the first part of Evening Prayer, the Rev. James Metcalfe, who read the first lesson, the Rev. Donald Owen who read the 2nd lesson, and the Rev. E. E. Douglas, who took the remainder of the service.

The sermon was preached by Prebendary, the Hon. H. H. Courtenay, Rector of Powderham, on Psalm xcvi. 6, and the Vicar of Bishop's-Teignton, the Rev. W. R. Ogle, pronounced the benediction.

APPENDIX

V.

The following letter is subjoined, addressed to the Rev. P. R. Ogle by the Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Colchester.

Brentwood, Oct. 14*th,* 1884.

DEAR MR. OGLE—

It is extremely kind of you to send me the memorial of your dear brother. I had conceived an affection for him which I hoped would have resulted in a permanent friendship—a life-long friendship, I was going to write, and it was as long as *his* life. But God willed that the older should survive the younger. Within a few weeks of his death I should have been privileged, had he lived, to have ordained him a Priest in the Church of God.

His loss has been a real grief to me. I cannot even yet think of it without deep emotion.

Mrs. Blomfield joins me in thanking you for your kind letter and the card.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

A—— COLCHESTER.

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